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My Church and Your Church

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year: "Give me a light, that I may tread safely into the unknown." And he replied: "Go out into the darkness, and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light, and safer than a known way."

—Louise Haskins.

(A favorite quotation of the late King George VI.)

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for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, Inc.,

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

The Coming Storm

Some of the Fellowship's loyal supporters will remember Comrade Norman Smith's word-picture: "The storm-centre of the world"—meaning Europe, and especially Russia. Those who were not stirred by the graphic picture then, are compelled to admit, "It is terribly true today; and a hurricane of explosive weapons will accompany the coming storm." Satan's wiles and stratagems should not deprive us of our warfare equipment. When believers are tempted to fear, they should repeat boldly John the Baptist's thunderbolt which devils hate: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Repeat it until all fear has vanished.

Another powerful weapon is: "We are not ignorant of his devices" (Satan's). Repeat it silently or audibly. Then cast your eye of faith on Revelation 12.11: "They overcame him (the devil and his hosts) by the Blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." God's Word must be used today as a weapon. The sound of the coming storm already shrieks in our ears, but God's Word is powerful and effectual. Use it like a soldier on a battlefield. Never mind about theological arguments. The Holy Spirit gives victory in the storm NOW. Praise Him!

The fear of the oncoming storm is manifesting itself in all lands. Satan's sermons on fear are upsetting weak-kneed "professors." Some have been driven into mental hospitals and asylums. We must pull them out of the fire. Evan Roberts was my close friend up to his departure for the Glory-land a few months ago. He was God's leader in the marvellous Welsh Revival years ago. He said to me, "Brother, never let your sword get rusty. Keep it bright and bathed in Heaven."

Dear Fellowship Friends, we cannot close our eyes and ears to the storm that will sweep across the world. Thank God we can sing Sankey's hymn, "Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in Thee!" There is our "shelter in the time of storm." Satan will not have it all his own way. Read Isaiah 66.15: "Behold! the Lord will come with fire; and with His chariots like a whirlwind, to render His anger with fury, and His rebuke with flames of fire." Our Lord will triumph gloriously! Let us lift up our heads, and sing as we face the foe. Praise God for I Thessalonians 4.14-18. Stand firm against Satan's "storm troopers." March on with a joyful heart. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Yours in His triumphant grace,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Eldon House, Lansdowne, Croydon, England.

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My Church and Your Church

by Rev. David J. Fant, Litt.D.

Eddie Cantor, Jewish star of stage and screen, was overtaken by a violent storm while walking down Fifth Avenue, New York City, one early evening during the last World War. Seeking the nearest shelter, he found himself under the protecting arches of a Christian church. "And why should I not be here?" he reasoned. "For in Europe, where my people, swept by the storms of unbridled passions, are perishing by the millions, the Church has been their protector and friend. What would this old world of ours be like without the tempering influence of the Christian Church?"

It is a sober reflection. So just turn down your collar, Mr. Cantor, and you, Mr. Jones, and you, Mrs. O'Brien, and take a look at that institution which represents the best in life, and offers the best hope for mankind.

Above you is a spire, slated against skyscrapers of concrete and steel, or glistening white against the rustic artistry of a quiet countryside. It matters not which—city or country, the message of the spire is the same. It points men from earth to heaven, from time to eternity, from death to endless life.

Before you is the Cross, symbol of a dying Saviour's love in an indescribable act of redemption, an act from which the noblest societies of earth have drawn their inspiration—the Red Cross, the White Cross, the Blue Cross. It is the mark of supreme sacrifice and infinite love. And love, to use Henry Drummond's familiar phrase, is the greatest thing in the world. It is faith in Him who died upon that Cross which constitutes the foundation upon which the Church is built. "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matthew 16.18).

Before you also is a pulpit, from which a man on frequent occasions seeks to reveal the will of God, warns against the perils of sin, and points the way to a happy life—to contentment of mind and peace of heart. From that pulpit have thundered some of the most compelling voices of history—Luther, Melanchthon, Savonarola, Calvin, Wesley, Beecher, Jowett, and hosts of others—voices which have aerated the murky streams of life. From that pulpit have sounded many lesser voices, which taken together have constituted a mighty heavenly chorus. Said Theodore Roosevelt in his *Nine Reasons for Going to Church*, "One may not always hear a good sermon at church, but one will hear a sermon by a good man who, with his good wife, is engaged all week in making hard lives a little easier."

On the pulpit is an open Bible—open that each may read and interpret for himself—front and center because it is the Word of God, heart of the Church's life, soul of its being, custodian of its truth, final court of appeal in matters of faith and practice.

There are the pews, frequently filled with people, the best people on earth. They are not perfect, but they have accepted the highest ideals of life, and as you see them in those pews in union and communion, they are striving to follow the better way. They are gathered to worship God and express love to their neighbors. They thank God for their nation, and for its rulers and citizens. Music rises in praise from their hearts, at times accompanied by the strains of the manifold pipe organ, at other times by the humble reed. As they rise to leave, they tarry for a moment to share their experiences with their neighbors, and to seek ways of bearing the burdens of the weak.

And there is the door—not necessarily paneled, sculptured, or adorned—but a swinging door, through which the worshippers enter to find spiritual strength and venture forth in service to others. It is the symbol of Him who said: "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture" (John 10.9).

Yes, Mr. Cantor, Mr. Jones, and Mrs. O'Brien, these are a few of many compelling reasons why you should go to church. Your trouble may be that you have only gazed upon the stained glass windows from the outside, and they appeared dull and lifeless. But venture within, and turn your face toward the sun. Then you may discover the form of the Son of man, and the faces of angels, and the names of those who in other generations, like yourself, have walked the pilgrim path. I dare say that same stained glass will burst upon your soul with all the variegated glories of the rainbow and the light of celestial fire.

You really do not know what you miss when you fail to go to church. May I not have the pleasure of taking you by the hand as I greet you next Lord's Day? I want *my* church to be *your* church.

The above article is reprinted by permission from The Bible in New York: A Quarterly Review of the New York Bible Society, February, 1952, pp. 6-7. The author, Dr. Fant, is General Secretary of the New York Bible Society, and is a member of the Board of Directors of the American-European Fellowship.

A Hymn for the Church

by Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith

(May be sung to the tune "Aurelia.")

The ark of our salvation
The Church of God must be,
Where saints of every nation
Adore the Trinity.
Our Lord, from Heaven descending,
Redeemed her with His life,
To give us peace unending,
Amidst a world of strife.

She is a towering bulwark
Against life's stormy sea;
Where Christ has done His full work
We live eternally.
And those who have been pillowed
Upon the Saviour's breast
When oceans round them billowed,
Have found their perfect rest.

Then let us join in singing
All praise to Him above,
With grateful spirits bringing
The tribute of our love.

Upon His grace relying,
We learn to trust in Him,
Who is a hope undying,
A light that grows not dim.

We who have not forsaken
The fellowship divine,
But gratefully have taken
The sacred bread and wine,
Have found in Him the fountain
From which all mercy flows,
And fleeing to the mountain,
Have there obtained repose.

O Thou who gently carvest
Our lives to match Thine own,
Thou art the Lord of harvest,
And soon before Thy throne
We shall in joy possess Thee
With sight washed clean from tears,
And worship Thee and bless Thee
Ten thousand thousand years.

A Report on the Year 1951

by Dr. James Yuk

(Translated from the Russian by the Editor)

The year has drawn to its end. Today is the 31st of December. Still another year has gone by. We may ask ourselves what has been done in this year for the Kingdom of God.

To begin with, so far as God gave the strength, that Kingdom was proclaimed and exalted. Sabbath after Sabbath, throughout the months of the year, the Good News of Jesus Christ was preached again and again, from the pulpit of our meetings in the Clinic, to patients and non-patients alike. To the non-patients also, we say, because there are some of these, who knowing that the meetings are held for our patients, like to come also, even though they themselves are in good health. It is difficult to say how many have been in attendance at these meetings during the year, but in general the numbers have been large.

As always, the Word was preached by Brother Ostrovsky. The central theme of all the sermons was the Messiah, He whom Israel rejected, but whom Israel must yet receive. Usually, in fact almost as the general rule, the meeting would begin in an oppressive atmosphere of impatience and unwillingness to hear the sermon. The faces of the listeners were sullen and unfriendly. This is understandable. Israel in general is unwilling to hear of Christ; but here there is a further reason for this attitude. On the faces of the patients, before the meeting, these words are, as it were, plainly written: "We haven't come here to listen to a sermon at all, and certainly not a sermon about your Jesus! We only want to be cured." The personnel of the Clinic understands this very well, but what is to be done? There is no other way out. All of our medical work serves only as a means (and a good means) to the end of

witnessing for Christ. There is no other method or means of compelling the sons of Jacob, *en masse* (I am not speaking of personal testimonies), to hear the message of their Saviour. And thus God sends illnesses upon one, another, a third, a tenth, and so on: they come to the Clinic for treatment, and in coming, they are not thinking about their souls at all. But still they have come. We tell them that there will be an "Artsaya" (a public meeting with a speech), and earnestly invite them to sit down and remain. They may as well, for the doctor will not see any patients during the "Artsaya." The nurses pleasantly invite them to sit down here and there, where there are vacant places. Unwillingly they seat themselves, probably with inward feelings of anger against us, and hoping, even before it begins, that this "Artsaya" will soon be ended. That is not what they have come for. They came to see a doctor, not to listen to a preacher. I repeat: at the beginning we feel, we *always* feel, that the listeners are prejudiced beforehand against everything that will be said.

But now Brother Ostrovsky is in the pulpit. The sermon, prayerfully prepared, confirmed by the Holy Spirit, begins to flow from the lips of the preacher. The fervent words, coming from the depths of his heart, at once draw the attention. The hall quiets down. Sincerity always compels interest. Little by little, one may notice how the faces of the listeners begin to soften, the impatient look disappears, in its place there comes a look of concentration and attentiveness, which usually remains until the very end. And very often the preaching is so powerful and so convincing, that when the sermon has come to an end, under the strong influence of what has been said, the patients remain sitting quiet and immovable, forgetting why they came to the Clinic. Their newly awakened consciences are speaking to them of other illnesses and of Another Physician.

This process of transition from inward rebellion, apathy, and even indifference, to deep attentiveness, is repeated, as a general rule, at every meeting. Usually, there are some new listeners every time. Before the meeting, in a separate room with the door closed, we pray and ask His help (and, I am persuaded, many others also pray for us); and the Lord helps us to overcome this inner hostility on the part of our listeners. He Himself is accomplishing His work.

After the meeting, there are usually talks, and sometimes heated arguments. Some ask for, and buy, New Testaments. Sometimes it is my experience to hear loud and excited voices through the closed doors, when I have begun to receive patients inside. Hearing them, I rejoice, for this is a sure sign that the message has touched their hearts.

Sometimes we have guest speakers, and Brother Ostrovsky translates for them. However, we have not had as many guest speakers this year as we had last year. I may mention Brother Greenfield from New Zealand, Brother Rosenberg from Los Angeles, Brothers Newmark and Robson from England, and finally Brother Marshall from the United States, seventy-nine years of age (I had been told, beforehand, that he was eighty-eight), fervent and young in spirit, a warrior for the faith of the Gospel. I recall a certain illustration which he used in his sermon, in connection with sin. Strange as it may seem, it is very hard to explain to the Hebrew the nature of sin. He counts it a sin, for example, if anyone eats anything made with milk, after eating meat, or vice versa; and things of that sort. But sin as an inward opposition to God, especially with reference to Christ, and the inescapable guilt of sin for Israel,—this they cannot accept. The hall was entirely filled with listeners, and they heard Brother Marshall with great interest. He gave the following example: Let us suppose, said he, that a friend of mine has stolen five dollars from me, but afterwards he has come and given me back

the five dollars that he stole, and has also given me five dollars more, to smooth the whole thing over, and so it has all been made right. And then I have not seen him for a long time. But suddenly, after twenty years, I see him afar off, on the street. And involuntarily I turn to my friend, who is beside me, and I say to him: "Look over there, that man stole five dollars from me."

Loud laughter arose in the hall. Then Brother Marshall began to explain: "That is the way it is with our sin. The stain of sin and the guilt of sin cannot in any possible manner be done away or wiped out, they remain always and forever. Only God annihilates our sin, through the sacrifice of Christ, and removes it from us as far as the east is from the west." This illustration made a deep impression upon the audience. The laughter was replaced by a silence.

Of course, the witnessing in the Clinic goes on continually, not only on the Sabbaths. We try to avail ourselves of every opportunity for testifying on the other days of the week also. Personal conversations, literature, the right kind of attitude toward the patients, and the very atmosphere of healing and of service to the patients, serve as a powerful means of witnessing. However, I believe that, aside from the treatments, the chief center of our work is still found to be these Sabbath meetings. Here Israel comes face to face with Christ, as in no other place. This is a special mercy and privilege given by God; a special door, which He has opened, and no one can shut it, without His permission. We ask our readers to remember in their prayers these Sabbath morning meetings, and, of course, the work on the other days of the week also.

But by this we do not mean that personal testimony, personal conversations and interviews, have no importance. Not at all. They have a vast significance, and I shall have more to say about them farther on.

As a general thing, there are in Israel no evangelical meetings for the Hebrews, where they may assemble in large numbers to hear the preaching of the Gospel. The exception is found in the meetings in our Clinic, and to some extent in Jaffa. All the rest of the work is conducted through personal contact. In Israel now there are a great many evangelical workers, and many of them are very earnest and serious in seeking to bring glory to the Lord through the conversion of Israel. These workers have come from the United States of America, Norway, Finland, Denmark, Switzerland and England. The reason they do not preach in meetings is because such meetings are impossible, they are not allowed, they are not permitted. Their field of labor is among their personal acquaintances. And it must be acknowledged that this field of activity is a very extensive one.

For personal contacts there is not so much need of words, as of personal influence, a delineation of personal character against the background of a pure religious life. The Hebrew who is conversing with you is likely not to agree with your faith in Christ, but he cannot deny your sincerity (if you have it), and he is obliged to accept as a fact your honesty in business dealings. Such honesty, as a rule, is conspicuously lacking among the rest of the population. He may laugh at your conviction that everything good in you has been received from Christ ("for what is Christ doing here?"); but his daily relationships with other people, and all the circumstances surrounding him will compel him to give some serious thought to your words. What he has found in you he will not find in others.

The sore spot, the deep-seated disease of our local society is this, the mistrust of one for another. This is a kind of heavy atmosphere in which

every one lives, under the constant dread of being deceived at every step. So oppressive and stifling is this atmosphere, in which the dwellers here live, that it seems to rob them of the very air they breathe. Your Hebrew fellow-conversationalist suddenly touches upon the subject of honesty; then he is told that this honesty comes from Christ, and so, whether he will or not, he has to take some thought of Christ. This makes him think of another kind of "air," which is found outside the sphere of his own religious experience. I believe that here and now this is the most powerful testimony to Christ. A certain unbelieving doctor happened to say to our nurses: "In your Clinic, somehow, there is an entirely different atmosphere." This difference in "atmosphere" is in itself a testimony to Christ, and the greater the difference, the more effective is the testimony.

A short time ago I happened to be riding in a taxi in Tel Aviv, along with some other passengers. Once when the taxi stopped, a certain young man with a trunk wanted to get in. The chauffeur would not let him put the trunk inside (the vehicle was crowded). "Put it on the top," he said, and added jokingly: "and if the trunk falls off on the way, never mind: the police will bring it home to you." These words were greeted with an outburst of laughter on the part of the passengers, and one of them said loudly: "Oh, yes, that could happen (the return of the trunk) in Sweden or in Switzerland, but not in Israel." Then I though: why did this unbelieving Hebrew passenger mention Sweden and Switzerland, instead of Catholic Spain or Mohammedan Turkey? And why did such an act of honesty seem to them to be something strange and laughable in Israel? Is it not because Sweden and Switzerland have come under the special influence of the Gospel? It is another "air," another kind of "oxygen." In this very difference there is also a testimony without words. Israel does not have this "air" of the Gospel, but now it is beginning to be felt here.

But there must be a testimony in words also. We often pray and entreat the Lord, that He Himself would teach us to converse and speak about Him. Here this is not an easy thing. Your conversationalist has behind him two thousand years of denial of Christ, he has no conception of sin whatsoever, and as for Jesus (Yeshu, as they say here), he does not merely deny His identity as the Son of God, he does not even consider Him to be anything worth talking about. To him, time is money, and for him "Yeshu" is a mere soap-bubble. In such a case, how can one begin to talk about Him, especially upon first acquaintance? In every land, it may be, there is a special spirit, sent by the devil himself, working specifically in a special way, different from that which you find in other countries.

Thus Mildred Cable, in her book, "Something Happened," writes, after many years of work in China: "Idolatry is an almost meaningless word for the Westerner, who has never had to hold his own against the spirit of suffocation, which Satan spreads among those who worship him. In the West an idol is a toy . . . but in the land where it commands the homage of men and women, its hand-wrought figure is a mask for the Devil, who through it receives obeisance and worship. Therefore the missionary never dares to relax the intensity of his inmost protest."

Author J. Edwin Orr, who some years ago succeeded in visiting Soviet Russia, felt there a special spirit of another kind, the spirit of denial of God. In his book "Prove Me Now," he writes: "At that time I was preparing to leave Russia, for I had packed a great deal into my short stay at the Lord's expense. While there, I found it necessary to give more time to prayer and Bible reading—in order to counteract a peculiar influence which tended to

drag *me* away from God. As I crossed the border I drew a great sigh of relief. The burden had lifted, and the sinister, persuasive influence had gone." Both Miss Cable and Mr. Orr are earnest believers, but they were compelled to wage inward warfare with these different opposing spirits.

Why do I write this? Here in this land, too, there is such an especial "persuasive" spirit; though it does not deny God, as in Soviet Russia,—oh, no! There are many, very many of the Hebrews who, when you ask them: "Do you believe in God?" will answer you with complete sincerity: "Yes." But the spirit which is working here is especially that of denial of Christ as the Son of God. You feel that this is not only a theoretical denial of the Divinity of Christ, but that there is working here a certain kind of vast force, which is in opposition to the Son of God, and against which only Christ Himself can contend. Like Miss Cable and Mr. Orr, the believer never dares to relax. Again and again he has to return with prayer to those passages of the Bible which affirm the Deity of Jesus Christ.

When Brother Marshall was speaking in the Clinic,—a lively and powerful speech, interspersed with numerous illustrations,—a certain man in the audience interrupted him a number of times. And when Brother Marshall had finished, this elderly, respected, gray-haired, intelligent Hebrew asked him loudly, in the presence of the whole hall, with irony in his voice: "You mentioned the Son of God. Is it possible that God can have a Son, with hands and feet and nose and so on?" We have heard this question many times from many persons, but this time it was especially distressing to hear it from the lips of such a respected citizen. But whether your Hebrew be old or young, a scholar or a simple man, the thought that "Yeshu" is the Son of God seems to him something strange and incredible.

I remember how, in our old Clinic, there hung on the wall of the doctor's office a large text on linen: "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given," and so on to the end (Isaiah 9.6). Once a certain young woman came as a patient into the doctor's room. Throughout the medical examination she kept looking steadily at this text, and suddenly, breaking off the conversation, she practically shouted in wrath: "We will never, never receive Him!" (She probably thought we had made up those words ourselves.) "Why?" I asked. "Because you say that He is the Son of God." I asked her: "Do you believe that the Messiah must come?" "Yes." "Tell me, who will your long-awaited Messiah be, an ordinary man, or something more than man?" "Yes, more than man." "Very well. Will he perhaps be an angel?" I asked her further. "No." "Then who will he be, in your opinion,—something more than man, and yet at the same time not an angel?" As she could think of no answer, I prompted her: "He will be the Son of God. You see," I continued, "you too are expecting the Messiah as the Son of God; only we say that He has already come, while you say that He is still to come." She fell silent.

Therefore we pray that the Lord will give us wisdom in our conversations. In recent times He has given me such opportunities for conversation, either with the patients, or with persons whom I have met even on the street (the first encounter took place when I was sitting on a bench by the seaside).

"You know," I say to them, "that now in the State of Israel there are a great many different consulates and consuls?" Of course, my conversationalist is very well informed about this. "Let us take, for example," I continue, "a certain consul, let us say it is the American Consul from the United States. Let us suppose that Israel suddenly says to this consul: 'Take yourself out of our land, let the sole of your foot not rest upon it; we don't want you, be

gone from here!' And suppose they should drive him out, and besides, should do him grave injury, and so on. What do you think will happen then?" I make a pause, and give my conversationalist time to picture the situation for himself. "Has Israel done violence just to the consul alone, or to the whole of the United States? Do you think that peaceful relations could continue as before, do you think they could go on between Israel and the United States?" My listener does not yet fully understand the turn I am giving to the conversation, but he must agree that, though such an incident would be most improbable (for Israel is now seeking the good will of the United States), yet if this did come to pass, then certainly diplomatic relationships between Israel and the United States would be broken off.

"Listen," I continue, at once passing over to the main point at issue: "Two thousand years ago Heaven sent its Ambassador to Israel, but Israel did not want to receive Him, and even rejected Him. Do you think that Heaven could look upon this event with equanimity? In the first instance, how could Israel possibly be reconciled with the United States in any other way, except by asking the forgiveness of that country, and receiving its ambassador back again?"

At this stage of the conversation my interlocutor knows well enough whither the discourse is tending, though no Name has been mentioned. And by the blessing of God I have many times noticed that all this produces a powerful impression upon my hearer. The listener has been brought face to face with an accomplished fact, which cannot be denied. "Reconciliation with Heaven," I go on, "can only take place after the acceptance of Him whom Heaven has sent." The Hebrew listener does not like to have the Name of Jesus mentioned, and I do not mention it, but everything is perfectly clear.

Sometimes I suddenly ask my conversationalist: "Do you know that in the synagogues they read the prophets?" "Of course." "But do you know that the 53rd chapter of Isaiah is never read in the synagogues?" "No," he replies in astonishment. (This is an astonishing fact, which I have verified: the vast majority of the Jews do not know that the 53rd chapter is omitted.) "And why isn't it read?" my conversationalist asks me. "Well, here, read it for yourself, and find out." At our next encounter it is much easier to speak of the Person whom the 53rd chapter of Isaiah reveals.

Among other things, I recently had an interesting young patient. He suffered much from a disease of the nerves, and an impairment of the functions of the heart. He had taken part in battles, had been a member of the terrorist organization, had been bombed and been under fire. When making out his "sick card," I asked his name. He said: "Abi-Ad," which literally means "Everlasting Father" (from Isaiah 9.6). I was astonished. But this really was the name which had been given him at his birth. One felt a strange awe in looking upon this young man, to whom his parents had given the Name of the God who existed before all eternity.

The last thing I want to mention is an indisputable fact: very many of the local young people, especially from the villages and colonies, are becoming interested in the Gospel, and beginning to read it. After the meetings, they buy New Testaments from us. Throughout the colonies they gather in groups and read the Gospels, and they do this reading on their own initiative.

Recently there came to Tel Aviv a young man, who had been sent by his friends in his colony to buy twenty Gospels. "If I can't get them in Tel Aviv, I'll go to Jerusalem for them immediately," he said.

Thus there goes on a certain deep and invisible working of the Holy Spirit among the masses of the Hebrew population, especially the young people, and not the young people who have been born here, but those who have come from other countries; and not the young people who live in the cities, but those who live in the colonies and villages. This effect is the outworking of the prayers and efforts of many of the children of God, in many lands, with regard to Israel. There is noticeable a kind of break in the deadlock of circumstances. The poet Nadson has said: "The darker the night, the brighter the stars." May it not soon be possible to apply these words to Israel?

Finally, I must note that the total number of patients registered in the three rooms of the Clinic—the doctor's room, the electrical room, and the dressings-room—during the whole of the past year of 1951 was exactly 10,282, or slightly less than in 1950 (10,590). This may be explained in part by the fact that during the past three months the functioning of the dressings-room has been somewhat limited, owing to the absence of Sister Adele Dossik, who is at present on furlough in England.

(Miss Dossik is visiting her sister in Hertfordshire; we are keeping in touch with her during her absence from the Clinic.—Editor.)

"May I come in?"

No, this is not the Little New Year looking at us with big questioning eyes. It is just fifteen-month-old Claus, son of Hans and Annette Götze, and grandson of our German friend and associate, Pastor Bernhard Götze. His father writes: "Claus is the sunshine of our home; he chatters all the time in his own language, and we think he is going to be a preacher."

Claus' expression somehow makes him a symbol of the uncounted multitudes in Europe, both children and adults, who are looking to America for guidance, for the supplies of food and clothing which they still need, for an example of practical Christianity in action, and above all, for prayer. The American-European Fellowship still has direct channels open to forward your gifts to the needy. With little Claus they seem to ask, "May I come in?" Into your loving interest and your prayers. May they?

Among the Nations in the Camps

December, 1951.

Dear Prayer-helpers:-

"And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—Mark 16.15.

That was the purpose of His coming on the earth, and the story of Bethlehem would be meaningless without it. What I marvel about is, that the Lord does not expect us to do something He would not do Himself first. He did not ask self-denial of Adam, without having first denied Himself to share His glory with man. He did not ask Abraham to offer up Isaac, without determining first, before the foundation of the world, to offer the Lamb for sinners slain. He does not ask us to go into all the world, without first having come Himself, to seek and to save that which was lost. No one can say, He is asking me too much.

And because the time is short, He is sending the nations to our doors! May we invite you to a visit among the nations in the camps? There may be many variations, but let us consider one of those camps in Ludwigsburg, which contain from one thousand to over two thousand persons, most of them changing every few weeks. Some are "stuck" there for a year or more, while others come and go repeatedly, but most of them are "fresh material," to whom it means the one chance in their lifetime to get some Gospel message, even if they do not realize it. As we cannot speak all the various languages, we want to give them at least some printed message in the language they know.

Because of the constantly changing camp population, we try to go through each barrack about once a month. We secure a supply of all possible tracts, so that none may say, "You have nothing for me," though even that happens also. It gets tiresome to drag materials along, without a seeming chance to use them, as we need to carry a lot of the most used tracts. Recently a man asked for Greek literature, and was pleasantly surprised that I could give him some. He said it was the first time, during the six years that he had been in Germany, that he had anything to read in his native tongue. There are some languages in which it is difficult to obtain tracts, such as Armenian, so we are pleased if we can supply the need in some other language, occasionally. Besides the German language, the most current are: Polish, Russian, Czech, Slovak, Latvian, Esthonian, Lithuanian, Finnish, Hungarian, Rumanian, Bulgarian, Jugoslav, Greek, Armenian, Hebrew and Yiddish, as well as scattered dialects of the East, some of whom have no printed literature, and many of whom do not know how to read at all.

How do we go about it? Imagine large military barracks, three or four stories high, often several large buildings together, each having hundreds of rooms. We had quite a long-drawn-out battle about it, but now can enter more freely, and starting at one end, we go from door to door, trying to enter each room. Since in the daytime most of the inhabitants are out, for various reasons, the best chance to find most of them is around supper-time, and from then on till bed-time. As they do not go to sleep at any definite hour, it happens that we get some out of bed, or in bed. The meal-time is about one hour, but of course they don't all go at once, nor do many tarry after supper, but go out; so it is a race against time, to contact as many as possible. Naturally there is no time for extended talk, as some would like to have, for their own entertainment. They have nothing to do, so it would be a nice chance to pass the time.

We enter with a greeting, and ask what language the occupants use. Some suspect an official inquiry and are reticent to answer. Some ask why we want to know, while many just stare with a blank expression, as it does not seem to enter their minds that they really could get something without paying for it. Again we are asked to what "sect" we belong, as they have been given literature somewhere, by the Jehovah's Witnesses, or Sabbatists, who are very active. Or frequently some fanatic Romanists, mostly old women, shout for all the others, "We do not want anything!" as if they were entitled to decide for everybody; and occasionally they succeed in making all afraid to take anything. Often it requires quite a bit of coaxing to find out what language the people speak or read. Often they have to see others take something first, and we may be leaving, when someone calls out for this, that or the other tongue. Occasionally someone cannot get enough, or, as it happened last night, even tried to pull things out of my pocket.

Not much concern is shown for the housing of the people. Occasionally those with small children are placed in one camp, because of the children's kitchen. But generally, little regard is given as to where one is placed. There are few rooms for single families, and occasionally unmarried men and women are just placed in two large groups. Most rooms have more than ten beds, some as many as fifty, and the people are bunched together like so many cattle, without regard to sex, creed or nationality. On the ships that take the immigrants overseas, the men and women are separated, whether families or not. All for the easiest handling, no other consideration. Therefore, there is no telling who may be found together, although the Jews often manage to be together and get some privileges, as they handle money freely. Their organization not only supplies them well, but also gives them tips, information of which the others are ignorant. They hold together and help each other.

There are people, and not always the old ones, who admit that they cannot read, or tactfully pass the literature on to someone who can. Once in a while the request is for more than tracts, when we give them a Gospel or a New Testament, if it is available. Occasionally it is touching to see someone begin reading in his own tongue, after not having seen anything printed in it for years. We prefer, if possible, to have the people read the Gospel according to John first, because we have noticed that a number of people become disgusted with reading the Old Testament, not understanding it as the Word of God, not grasping its particular message. Last night a man disdainfully refused tracts, saying, "I have such a thick book," meaning the Bible, but does not read it. Unless there is a real moving of the Spirit, the enthusiasm for reading the Bible soon fades, leaving a distaste for any spiritual literature.

Of course, if we find a real knowledge of the New Testament, and see that it is advisable to furnish a Bible, we are glad to do so. Naturally, we cannot carry such books along on a general visit and tract distribution. So it happened that one man asked me for a Bible twice. The first time I suggested that he meet me at the car in about half an hour, expecting him to be there if he were really interested, and meaning to test him somewhat as to his knowledge of salvation. But he did not show up. The next time we passed through his quarters, he reminded me of the Bible; but I noticed that he was inclined to some heresy, so invited him to come to the meeting, where I would hand him a Bible—but again he did not appear. Why should we supply and foster heresies? They are ready to take advantage.

Of course we are asked for other kinds of reading, even some amusing kind, and some ask for a Bible just to sell it, to have money for drink. I have a Bible printed on thin paper, and a fellow asked me for the fly-leaves of it, to make cigarettes with them. The tobacco they get from stubs of cigarettes

they find on the streets. I saw a man, working in an American military camp, bring in a paper bag full of stubs, which he opens and sells the tobacco. Some have strange ways of making money, mostly in order to get drink. Most decidedly, these camps are a breeding-place for all evils, including laziness. Many who came as industrious persons have learned loafing and all kinds of sin.

When, on these visits, we notice some with real interest, we are glad to call again, or arrange a later meeting. Those who understand our language, we invite for our regular meetings, and one would think this would be a welcome change from their ordinary routine. But we find a great deal of competition from card-playing, which is going on constantly. Then there are the saloons and movies, some of those in the camps free and even compulsory. I have not been in a movie-house for forty years, but finally decided to see one of those compulsory films, with a lecture about the United States and life there, just to find out what is being offered to the people. To say I was disgusted with what I saw and heard, is to put it mildly. The pictures would have been all right, but the application and explanation certainly spoiled all good effect of them. But I have to stop for this time. Don't you think it is necessary to give the Gospel to these people? Please pray for us to be enabled in every way, and may the spirit of Christmas give you great joy, and the Lord bless you in the New Year.

In the Master's glad service,
CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

A WONDERFUL CARE RECEIPT.—We have previously described to our readers the arrangement by which one may send to CARE the moderate sum of $5.35, thereby purchasing a surplus food package for Yugoslavia. These packages go not to individuals, but to towns. Some of our friends have sent such packages through us, and for each of them we have now in our files what is surely a "receipt to end all receipts"! It includes a list of the one hundred hungry Yugoslavs who have been helped by *each of these single packages;* the name of the town is given, and the receipt is signed by the American CARE representative, who personally certifies that the people actually did receive the food. We wish all our readers could see these long sheets of legal paper, officially signed and sealed, with printed spaces for the one hundred names, and these names carefully filled in by a clerk. It's wonderful! Each package contained 200 pounds of milk powder, 100 pounds of egg powder, and 100 pounds of butter.

WONDERFUL LETTERS.—Somewhat hesitantly, in our Christmas issue, the Editor drew the curtain aside, and attempted to describe the life of a missionary secretary. The response to this number of the magazine has been beyond all our expectations, as our readers have in their turn been encouraged to pour out their inmost thoughts on many matters, both spiritual and practical. Of the many letters received, we have chosen three which are typical.

"You are to be highly congratulated on the November-December, 1951, issue of your publication, THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD. It was of great interest to me, and I am sending along this note that it may be of some encouragement to you, as you labor for the Lord in your missionary office. Your publication is always interesting, but the one I am writing about is especially so. To accept your recent invitation, I would like to cast my vote for more pictures to accompany the various articles. Please accept the enclosed contribution to the missionary ministry of your organization, to

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, December 1951, January 1952

(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

35389---$5.00
35390----1.05
35391---10.00
35392----2.00
35393---31.00
35394---10.00
35395---40.00
35396----1.00
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35398----5.00
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35564----1.00

help others, and also to help with the expense of publishing and mailing your magazine. Be assured of our continued prayer interest that God will richly bless in the New Year."

"You will no doubt receive many letters of appreciation from your Fellowship friends for your 'Christmas Carol,' and I would like to add my